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MAN WITH A HEART BUT NO HOME

P. J. Winslow, Author.

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To

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A Man With a Heart But No Home

By

P. I. WINSLOW

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1917

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By
P. I. WINSLOW

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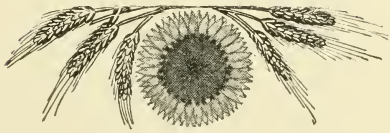


Preface

A sweet remembrance of the happy days that were spent in a loving home, around a cheerful fireside, among dear friends and loved ones has brought the writer to a decision to compare those moments when all was peace and harmony and the paths of every day life were strewn with flowers.

It looked as though the great endless chain of love could never be broken. But alas! As the dew is banished by the morning sun, so the rays of love began to fade and instead the storm of destruction began to break in. The billows rolled higher until the last rays of love that bound us together had ceased to leave even a ray of hope that the glad tidings of love might again break in to assure us that all was well.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

But the wind blew and the storm raged more fiercely. It beat upon our house and it fell and the love and affection of years of toil all crumbled before the great tidal wave.

As time goes on and the years pass by they bring many changes but the happy thoughts of home and loved ones will never be forgotten.

But through the suffering of our blessed Savior on the cruel cross He has paid the great debt and has made it possible that we may have a home, one that will stand the storm of all disappointments and troubles. So our future home is being built on Christ Jesus, The Solid Rock.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

HIS LAST DRINK

No, thank you, boys, not any tonight,
I've been a good boob but I don't think it's right.
And I don't see why you want to get sore,
And ask me to drink that stuff any more.

We can all be friends and do what is right,
For the sake of my babes I'll go sober tonight,
To a home that has been blighted by your rum and your beer,
To a sweet little woman who to me is so dear.

And then I will ask them if they will forgive.
I'll brighten the home and together we will live.
And boys, think it over and see if I'm right,
And please don't ask me to drink tonight.

I've never refused, boys, never before,
I've spent my last cent and then even more.
But tonight I must do it for I think it is right.
And sober I'll go to my babes and my wife.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

I know now, boys, what it is to be sad,
I can see my dear babes all tattered in rags.
Please forgive me, boys, help me make good
what I've said,
For I know tonight, they are going hungry
to bed.

And it's all becanse of that damnable wine,
But don't turn me down, boys, you are still
friends of mine.
Come shake my hand, boys, and bid me good-
night,
And let me go home to a true, loving wife.

Yes, I know she is true, she has proven it so.
But oh! the misery, the sorrow, the woe
I've caused her to suffer from time to time,
And all because you've been friends of mine.

But come, boys, forgive me, I'll do what is
right,
But my lips will not touch one drop tonight.
And when she embraces me, I know that she
will,
My breath will be free from the fumes of
that swill.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Look, boys, at my clothes, all tattered and
torn,
See my red eyes and my face all forlorn,
See my steps, why I weave when I walk.
Just see the people and hear how they talk,

Of how my dear babes for bread have cried,
As they went to bed hungry by their dear
mother's side.
It was then that she prayed that I might be
saved,
That I might not fill a drunkard's lone grave.

Come, boys, cheer up, help me make good.
I'm sure if you, were me, I know that you
would.
Come help me make good a home without
cheer,
And brighten the lives of those babies so dear.

And cheer a lone wife who is heartbroken
and sad,
And when you get sober you'll not be mad.
'Tis only the demon in the wine tonight
That is keeping us all from doing what's
right.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Well come, what do you say? I'm going home.
I'm not going to keep her any longer alone,
For I know that she's waiting with the lamp burning dim,
And sitting there crying to let a poor drunkard in.

She is waiting tonight as oft in the past,
But take my word, boys, she has done it her last.
For that white, foaming beer and that red demon, wine,
Though it may pass your lips, it shall never pass mine.

So good-night, boys, and may God bless you all,
I've taken my last, I'm free from its fall.
No more of that wine, that demon I'll take,
But make my babes happy for their dear mother's sake.

And then a sweet story of love they can tell,
Of how a poor drunkard was saved from hell
And how the prayers of a good woman did save
A man like me from a drunkard's grave.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

IF I HAD YOU

Oh I don't know just where to go,
Nor I don't know just what to do.
Of course it would be different,
If you were me and I were you.

I'd take you by the arm, you know,
And off together we would go.
I'd love you just like this, you see,
If I were you and you were me.

If I were you and you were me,
I know how happy we would be.
I'd put my arms around your waist,
And oh! those ruby lips I'd taste.

I'd place my hands upon your heart
And vow that we would never part.
And love no other one but thee,
If I were you and you were me.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

If you were me and I were you,
There would be other things we'd do.
We'd have a home and have a house
And live as cunning as a mouse.

There are other things I have not
said,
For in that house we'd have a bed
And on that bed just built for two,
If you were me and I were you.

And on that house we'd have a lock,
And in that house we,d have a clock.
And when the clock said half past
two,
If you were me and I were you.

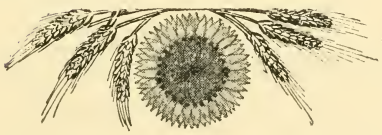
Of course we'd sleep till half past
eight,
And to my job I would be late,
And then I'd lose my job you see,
If I had you and you had me.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

So it's pretty nice just as it is.
So let me be and tend to biz'.
And when sometime you have a
home,
And you're not satisfied alone,

Just drop a card or wire to me,
And I will come and live with thee.
And then I know we'd happy be,
If I had you and you had me.



Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

HER WEDDING BONNET

Put on your Easter bonnet
With all the roses on it,
And tell them that this is your wedding day.
Just say you're up against it
And there is no sin in it,
No matter what the other people say.

Just tell them that you love him
And with him you will stay,
And you don't give a damn what the other people say.
Say 'tis no fault of yours,
And this is a big out-doors
And they've been doing it every way all these years.

Just say you know your business
And there's joy and pleasure in it
For anyone who cares to do the same.
For 'tis me that has to suffer,
And not you, you great big bluffer,
Tho everyone may say it is a shame.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Just say, "I'm glad you know it,
For there's many a one who
would do it,
If they only had the nerve to name the day.
But you are afraid that they
will see you,
Then of course it would be ditto,
And with your mama you've decided for a
stay.

And tonight I will be happy,
For oh! I feel so daffy,
And the time it seems so long for me to wait,
For it is then he will be mine
In the shadow of the pine,
When he takes me in his arms down at the
gate.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

IN MEMORIES OF HOME AND BABIES

When the days are long and dreary,
And there isn't much to do,
When alone I'm always thinking
Of a heart that was not true.

Then I think of years gone by,
Of that home once bright and true,
Then I think, "Is life worth living?"
Does this ever come to you?

I can almost see those tresses,
Over a forehead pure and sweet,
Hear the prattling tongue of baby,
Hear the coming of her feet.

Then I brush away the vision,
For there's nothing else to do.
But still I think of home and baby.
Did it ever come to you?

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

In this cold unfriendly world
In another home, not mine,
If you ever chance along the wayside,
Her sweet smiles I know you'll find.

There's a bright and rose cheeked baby,
Her sweet smiles to me so true,
In her arms, but not her father's.
Does this ever come to you?

And tonight we are separated
From the little ones we love,
But may we bear life's trials and troubles
That we all may meet above.

'Tis so hard to do without them,
But there's nothing else to do
But to wish them peace and happiness.
Does this ever come to you?

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Hoping some day we will meet them,
Though we are sad and lonely now,
And our hair is streaked with silver,
And there's sadness on our brow.

But we can't forget our babies
For a father's love is true;
Though another one caresses.
Did this ever come to you?

But somewhere along life's journey
There are roses that bloom by the road,
And the sweet perfume of their petals
Will help us to lighten our load.

The sweetest of roses have thorns they say,
But we must be honest and true,
If we get a rose without a thorn.
Did this ever come to you?

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

For this life is full of troubles
To a man that has no home;
And our pleasures are not many
When we share them all alone.

We would gladly live to please another
And their path with flowers strew,
Help the fallen by the wayside.
Did this ever come to you?

But life's journey will soon be over
And from our loved ones we must part,
But let us fight the battle bravely,
With a true and willing heart.

Leave our memories with a token
As the roses love the dew,
In sweet remembrance of our loved ones.
Does this ever come to you?

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

MY LITTLE KANSAS ROSE

There's a dear old spot in Kansas,
And the prettiest girl to see;
She's the sweetest in my memory,
And the dearest one to me.

And tonight my heart is aching
For the time when I will know
That she'll be mine in Kansas,
Where the western wind doth blow.

Where the wheat fields there are growing
Where the western wind doth blow.
She's the prettiest girl in Kansas,
For this I surely know.

There are none that could be fairer,
To no other could propose;
Where my heart is I am going,
To my little Claflin Rose.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

And tonight I am so lonely,
And this world so cold to me;
I would sleep and dream more peaceful
If her sweet face I could but see.

But I'll wait and hope for memories,
For there is no one else that knows,
But I am going back to Claflin,
To my little Kansas Rose.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

THIS STORY IS AS TRUE AS LIFE

The wind blew and the snow fell fast,
And the nights were cold and long,
And the man on the corner that once had
plenty,
He listened to the merry man's song.

His feet were clad in ragged shoes,
And his clothes were very few;
But he thought of his wife so far away
And his babes that numbered two.

He thought of the home that once he had,
Of his fireside warm and bright.
It renewed the teardrops in his eyes,
As he stood on the streets that night.

He watched the busy people pass,
Each one with a smile and a song,
As he stood shivering alone on the streets,
Thinking what he had done that was wrong.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

He knew that he once had money,
But of late had been drinking some;
But he only did this to make him forget,
But it had put him on the bum.

"Say, kind friend, one thing I may ask,
If it's not wrong it must be right,
Would you pass a stranger a little coin,
Just enough for a little bite?

"For I want to say, 'tis my first offense,
For I once had money, you know,
But I am a stranger in your town, you see,
And I don't know where to go.

"Well I remember a few years back,
Of a home so kind and true.
But what I have suffered for someone's sake,
I wish you only knew.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

"But you see this story I cannot tell,
For my heart is too heavy and sad,
But still if you listen it might do you good,
I'm sure it will not make you mad."

"Yes, sure we will listen," a newcomer said,
"We'll be glad to know your prize."
But before the story was halfway told
It brought tears to the newcomer,s eyes.

He wiped the tears from his well-wet face
As the story the stranger told,
And his thoughts went back to the home he had lost,
With his friends and all his gold.

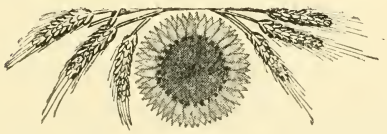
He paused a moment, then to the stranger said,
"That story is as true as life.
I once had a home, two darling babies,
And a true and loving wife.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

"I once had a friend, or thought him such,
Till he proved himself untrue.
Through him I'm on the street tonight,
Just the same as you."

Then the stranger took me by the hand
And he gripped it firm and tight,
And we slept together in a cozy room
On that cold and stormy night.



Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

NO PLACE TO HANG YOUR HAT

Were you ever out in the world, boys,
  Hungry, cold, and sad,
Out in the world without a dime,
  And very thinly clad?
No place that you could call your home,
  No place to hang your hat.
Don't it make you think of that little chair,
  The place where you once sat?

As you pass the people on the street,
  They all seem happy and gay,
Do not even seem to notice you,
  Nor nothing to you say,
Does it not make you ache and shiver,
  To see such hearts of stone?
As they pass you by, no word or regret
  That you haven't got a home.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

'Tis not our clothes that make us, boys,
'Tis the heart that beats inside;
A helping hand to those that are down,
And that we have always tried.
If they would only offer a smile when they pass,
How a broken heart it might heal,
And let a ray of sunlight shine,
How much better we would feel.

It may be just a streak of bad luck,
Or perhaps it may be booze,
But whatever it is, be a man,
For we have nothing else to lose.
No home, no clothes, no money,
By our name and honor we stand.
Though we are out on the stormy sea of life,
On them we safely stand.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

For the rugged sea is raging,
The billows rolling high.
We are in the battle for to win
A home in the sweet bye and bye.
And in the thickest of the fray
Our name we will defend.
We will fight the battle on our honor
And win it in the end.

And when the battle is over
And we are laid to rest,
It may be said of us, my boys,
That we have done our best.
It can be done as others did.
A story can be told.
A true heart and a helping hand
Is worth far more than gold.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

IN A LONELY LITTLE CABIN

I was sitting in a lonely cabin,
  On a dreary September day;
It was cold and lonely everywhere,
  Even the birds were not at play.
The clouds hung low, the mist fell fast,
  The chilling winds did blow.
I knew the summer days had gone,
  And soon we would see the snow.

I sat alone and wondered why
  That things should be that way;
Then I looked back in the years gone by,
  When a boy I was at play.
I could almost see my father's house,
  And the hills where once I roamed,
And see the brook where once I swam,
  When I ran away from home.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Then I could see my childhood days,
The schoolhouse in the lane,
Almost see my teacher's face,
And hear her speak my name.
To all of this I do recall,
It seems but yesterday;
But forty years have almost been spent,
From the place I once did play.

I dare go back for none is left,
A story for to tell.
How sad and lonely is that spot,
Where once she rang the bell.
For years have separated us,
Of them I cannot say;
Of all my little schoolmates then,
Tonight I am far away.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

There are other days we'll not forget,
When we get to be a man;
Of how we long to have a home,
And thus the story ran,
Of other separations
Besides our schoolmates, dear,
And when of this I often think,
To my eye it brings a tear.

But may it be 'tis all forgotten
And all forgiven, too,
For in my cabin all alone,
There is one instead of two.
And this story I long to tell,
By a fireside, warm and bright.
In a lonely little cabin,
You will find me there tonight.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

WHEN THE HARVEST DAYS ARE OVER

When the boys all leave old Claflin,
  And the summer days gone by,
And the harvest days are over,
  And the snow has drifted high,

The farmers' grain all in the bin,
  His money safe and high,
The 'boes all flown with the birds,
  To a clear and warmer sky,

'Tis then you miss their overalls,
  Their blue shirts and their smiles.
Alas! their little bit of change,
  You miss about a mile.

But don't get blue, we may come back,
  In other days to come,
And if we should, call us something else
  Other than a common bum.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

We like the town, we like the place,
And the people 'round about.
There's just one thing we don't approve,
You keep our whiskey out.

You see we like a little drink.
Of course we're not so bad,
We like to please, also be pleased,
And still make no one mad.

You see we are all one flesh and blood,
You are just the same as we.
We've a little spot on yonder hill,
In the churchyard, six by three.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

I'M DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE

I think I will go home some day
And look the old place up;
I can almost hear my mother's voice
Saying, "Son, 'tis time you were up."

And see the hills where once we'd glide,
Upon those moonlight nights,
And hold the girl that once we loved,
Upon our sled so tight.

Where is the girl that once I loved,
The girl with golden hair?
I know I would go home tonight,
If I thought she would be there.

But she has long been sheltered
Beneath that acorn tree.
There growing on the same old hills,
They'll soon be sheltering me.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

For I know my race is almost run,
And I'm drifting with the tide,
And I feel tonight that it won't be long
Till it will land me by her side.

And when I've kissed them all goodbye,
From my trials and troubles past,
Just sing that old forgotten song,
"Home At Last, Home At Last."

And in the evenings by the twilight,
When around the table they have gathered all,
And my vacant chair is sitting
In the corner against the wall,

Then may it be they will ponder,
And will think of some good deed,
For they will find in my absence,
They have lost a friend, indeed.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

WHEN I HAD TO SAY GOODBYE

In the dim evenings of the twilights,
When the lamps are burning bright,
It recalls the many pleasures
Of the many happy nights.

As we spent life's days together,
As the tide of life ebbs by,
It recalls the saddest hour,
When I had to say "Goodbye."

Still I hope that she is happy,
Though it breaks my heart to know,
That for me her love has faded,
While for her my love did grow.

In this world so cold and lonely,
There is nothing left for me;
But it may be they will answer,
And will say, "Come home," some day.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

And tonight I am only waiting,
Though the time seems very long,
That I may clasp her to my bosom,
And will answer for all that's wrong.

Though my life has been a failure,
And 'tis sad to be apart,
But with her love and fond affection,
She can heal a broken heart.

I am lonely, sad, and lonesome,
And my hair has turned to gray,
But I know my prayer will be answered,
And they'll say, "Come home," some day.

For God has said that He'll be with us,
And I know His word is true,
If we follow in His footsteps,
There is nothing else to do.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

JUST YOUR MONEY

I once had a girl, boys,
But I found it out too late,
That she had another fellow,
And was using me for bait.

So the only thing to do, boys,
And treat yourself just right,
No matter where you nibble,
Be careful where you bite.

The picking may be good, boys,
And everything going fine,
But after she has got your money,
She has no business with your time.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Have we forgotten our mother,
Though many a day she has been gone,
Or is there a place still left in our heart,
For the loving words we yawn.

That little place in the churchyard,
It was the saddest of all sad days.
Do we remember and keep it green,
The spot where our mother lays?

Or have we forgotten those pleasant words
That were spoken by a mother dear,
Of some little thing in our childish play,
How our lonely hearts did cheer?

Or how she soothed our aching pain,
And brushed our cares away,
Or could it be we have forgotten,
Even the place where our mother lays?

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Do you remember a mother's love?
No other could be so true;
Of the many little things she did,
That no other one would do?

When everything you did went wrong,
She would help you in your play.
Have you forgotten all of this,
Even the place where your mother lays?

But all her love and kindness,
She did with a mother's love,
And now she is peacefully sleeping,
With the angels, far above.

But for all of this we may atone,
Though we are busy or at play,
By keeping green that little spot,
The place where our mothers lay.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

AS THE DAYS WENT FLITTING BY

Only the love of a sweet little girl,
A girl with golden hair;
She slumbers 'neath those acorn trees.
For long ago they laid her there.
The spot still marked by the old school-house,

As we played, just she and I,
And swung together in the grape vine swing,
As the days went flitting by.

We got our lessons on the same old bench,
And tossed the ball together,
And made a vow that we'd love each other
Forever and forever.

But time brings many changes,
And we were forced to part,
And as we did we pressed together,
Two aching, bleeding hearts.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

But still our pledge we vowed to keep,
And one another ne'er forget;
But time went on and years passed by,
And still we've never met.

But I have been as true as gold,
No other one I love,
But there will be a joyful meeting,
When we both shall meet above.

There will be no separating
From the loved ones, when we meet;
There will be no aching hearts,
When their faces we shall greet.

And no more of trials and troubles,
We have put them all away,
With our Savior and our loved ones,
We will spend eternal day.

Just a line, it will do.

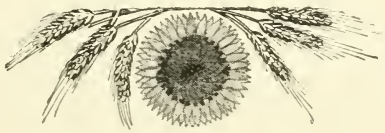
Anything, just so 'tis you.

TOO LATE

Once I had a friend, boys,
But he proved himself untrue,
Perhaps you've had the same, boys,
Happen to you.

At last I found it out, boys,
But alas! it was too late,
He had gotten all my money,
And all I had to eat.

From that you may take warning, boys,
And remember what I say,
Keep your money in your pocket,
Let your friends go their way.



Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

WHEN I KISSED HER AND SAID GOODBYE

I've just been sitting and thinking,
Of babies, wife, and home,
And how lonely, cold, and lonesome,
To live in the world alone.

And again I've just been thinking,
Brings many tears to my eyes,
Of that lonely, cold, and lonesome night,
When I kissed her and said goodbye.

But she said she would rather live without me,
That she would rather be alone,
So I kissed her and said, "Goodbye, love,
But please give babies a home."

For I'm only going to make her happy,
If it's her pleasure that I be away,
But it may be they will reconsider
And say, "Papa, come home," some day.

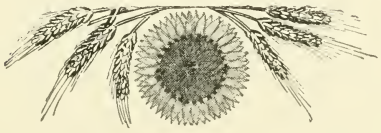
Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

For none of us knows the future,
'Tis only the past we recall,
And it brings back the fond recollections
Of the days before our downfall.

But I've been trying to forget the days of the past,
But it's hard for me not to recall,
My wife, babies, and home,
And the tie that binds us all.

We know 'tis sad to be apart,
So lonely to be alone,
We know 'tis hard to give them up,
But we all must taste that bitter cup.



Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

THE MOOCHER

I've traveled east, I've traveled west,
I've traveled fast and slow,
But the damndest town for moochers
Is certainly old St. Joe.

Now you may be a moocher,
And to mooch, you may know where,
But going down South Sixth Street,
They certainly mooch you there.

In going north to Charles Street,
You meet them in a bunch,
They mooch you single handed,
They all give you the hunch.

Of course they will tell you that you are
their friend,
And of you they will think,
But before you chance to get away,
They mooch you for a drink.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Or else they say they are hungry,
Or they are sleeping on the floor,
In fact they will tell you anything
To mooch a little more.

Of course I ain't no growler,
I like, myself, to eat,
But I hate like hell to be mooched
By every man I meet.

For you see, there are the guineas,
They too, must be fed,
And they do their share of mooching,
Just as I have said.

And the other is the great big bull,
With his billy in his hand,
He watches the moochers mooch the crowd
On the corner where he stands.

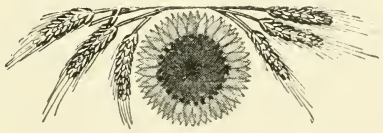
Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Of course he's looking for the man,
That has just one too many;
Then they take him to the station,
And there they mooch his money.

Now I've been mooched about all I care,
To be mooched in old St. Joe,
So if you will excuse me,
I believe that I will go.

But I hope to see you in the future,
And meet you face to face;
But if you are a-figuring on mooching me,
Just please keep up your pace.



Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

I GUESS I HAVE DONE WRONG

Did you ever get tired of home, boys,
And after your chores were done,
Pout around at mother,
Because someone did not come?

And think that life was horrid,
When papa, he would say,
"You had better stay home tonight, son."
Then you would run away.

You knew that papa, he knew best,
But you thought that you were wise,
And when you got hungry and cold,
Then you stopped and realized.

Then you stopped and wondered,
"Well, I guess I have done wrong,
For I don't know anyone here,
And the days, they are so long.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

"Oh, I wish they would say come,
For I sure would like to go,
For I don't know just what to do,
Nor even where to go.

"I always thought that things were wrong
When I was there at home,
But I find it wasn't near so bad,
As being all alone.

"So I guess I'll drop a card,
Perhaps a letter, too,
And see what they have got to say.
They may say what to do.

"Anyway, I'm going back,
For there's no place just like home,
For I have seen about all I care,
And from there no more I'll roam."

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

So boys, for this just take my word,
Pass up the little things,
For around old father's fireside,
It many pleasures brings.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

A HAPPY BUNCH

The boys and I left old K. C.
On a summer afternoon,
It was three o'clock on Monday,
The twenty-first of June.

We took a car for Dodson,
And there we got a lunch,
And laid around till twelve o'clock,
A jolly, happy bunch.

Just as the clock had ticked off three,
A rambling freight came through.
We caught a side door sleeper
And our journey did pursue.

Some chewed their gum and spun their yarns,
And others smoked their pipes,
Until a brakey, he came through,
And says, "You had better light."

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Of course we took him at his word,
And as the train slowed down,
We bid our sleeping berth goodbye,
And lit upon the ground.

And then we got a tie pass,
For you see they don't come high,
And as the train went around the curve
The boys all waved goodbye.

And then to hunt the jungles,
For you see we have to eat,
And then we made a little purse,
For potatoes, bread, and meat.

Of course we had some coffee,
And a piece of apple pie,
And then we washed our dishes,
And to the jungles said goodbye.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

And then we got a transfer,
For our tie pass still was good,
We strolled along through the new-
mown hay,
Into a neck of woods.

We came upon a sparkling spring
With it's waters, pure and sweet;
We washed our faces and combed our
hair
And bathed our aching feet.

And then we strolled, the sights to see,
And some, we'll ne'er forget;
Of course we had our ups and downs,
And sometimes did get wet.

And sometimes did get hungry,
And also thirsty, too,
But now we're doing pretty well,
In a header box built for two.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

We are working out in Kansas,
Upon a Kansas farm,
Away from Kansas City booze,
And the girls that do you harm.

So be a man for once in your life,
Your own boat you must steer,
Give up the habits you have got,
And your little can of beer.

So don't forget the number, boys,
And rally to the call,
There's pretty girls in Kansas,
Long, slim, thick, and tall.

So now we're homeward bound, boys,
For all the cities we have seen,
When we get back to old K. C.
We'll be on the five fifteen.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD

Some mother's child on the streets tonight,
Some mother's child, alone,
Turned out into this cold, cold world,
Without friends and without a home.

Stop, listen and think, as they pass you by,
And offer a hand of retreat,
And just remember 'tis some mother's child
That has passed you on the street.

And just remember at her mother's knee,
She heard those words of love,
That she might be kept from the ways of the world,
And meet her in heaven above.

But she has forgotten her mother's prayer,
Out in this world so wild,
But as she passed you on the street,
Remember that she is some mother's child.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Just speak a kind word in her behalf,
And offer what you can,
Just show her by your kind affections
That you can be a man.

Just show her the dangers that are on the street,
How there, pleasures will beguile,
Then don't forget that you, yourself,
Are sure some mother's child.

Do not turn her down with a scorn and frown,
Perhaps she is willing to come back,
If you show her where she's done wrong,
And a deed of kindness in act.

She may remember her mother's prayer,
And see where she has been so wild,
And then it may all come back to her,
That she is some mother's child.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

DEEP IN THE SNOW

I strolled along down Broadway,
The snow had drifted high,
The moon had risen in all it's glory,
And twelve o'clock was nigh.

The great white way was burning bright,
It's beautiful ray on the snow,
Though I remembered that I was hungry and cold,
But I had no place to go.

I met a policeman, he was neatly clad,
His steps were heavy and low,
As he plodded along he left his foot prints
Away down deep in the snow.

I could see in the distance, it didn't seem far,
A bright and beautiful light,
And the thought came to me, "That looks like home,"
On this beautiful starry night.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Still I could not think of anything like that,
Because it could not be,
But I walked straight ahead the best I could
In the deep and drifted snow.

But still I could see those beautiful lights
As they reflected out in the snow,
So I thought I would just walk by that way,
As I had no place else to go.

So on I went and the nearer I came,
The more it looked like home.
I paused a moment, I could hear a voice,
Singing "Home, Home, Sweet Home."

I listened again, then staggered on,
For that voice I'd heard before;
So I staggered on the best I could,
For I wanted to reach that door.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

As I drew near, a watchman stood,
He was all dressed up in blue,
I could see by the buttons on his coat,
What it was his duty to do.

I bade him the time, then thanked him and said,
"Will you let me step inside?
There is a face in there, I'm sure it is,
I must see before I die."

He drew from his scabbard a glistening sword
And he thrust it across my way;
"There is a banquet being given here tonight
In honor of her wedding day."

"Her wedding day, my friend, may I ask,
My wife, my child, or who?
I thought this looked so much like home,
So much I ought to know.

Just a line, it will do.
Anything, just so 'tis you.

"Oh, mister, please let me step inside,
Or have I come too late?
That voice inside was sure my wife,
Just tell her I'm here at the gate."

"Wait just a moment, it will do no good,
For she cares not to see even you,
But I will do it at once and see what she says,
But what will I tell her, and who?"

"Just tell her it is me, a friend of hers,
That I'm heartsick, lonely, and alone,
That I'm hungry, cold and penniless,
In this world, without a home."

And he dropped down in the snow to wait,
And to listen to what he said;
But that voice he heard arrived too late,
For in the snow they found him dead.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Yes, she did come out but she came too late,
For there, deep down in the snow,
Was the cold, cold form of a husband true,
She had turned out years ago.

Then she pressed his cold, cold lips to hers,
And heaved a heavy sigh,
And then she asked God that he might forgive,
And she whispered to the world, goodbye.

Instead of the one lone grave on the hill,
Next day you could say there were two,
And this is the story that has been told,
Of a woman that was not true.

There was no wedding feast that night,
But everything still and low,
For there lay the form of a man and wife,
Buried deep in the snow.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

A WILLING HEART

Drink, boys, on the lady of our land,
To America, pure and white!
Just leave it to the boys in blue,
I'm sure they will make things right,

Stand up for old America,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
We will show the world who has got the flag,
We will show them who is boss.

Our fathers fought before us,
In the thickest of the fray,
Tney fought to save that dear old flag,
So 'tis up to us, today.

And when we have to say goodbye
And kiss them when we part,
We'll know we've done a noble thing;
With a true and willing heart.

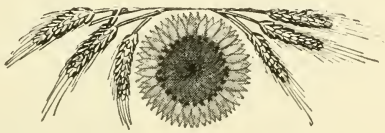
Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

JUST YOU

Do you know that all in vain,
I've been watching every train,
That a card perhaps would bring,
A letter, or some other thing?

That would say you were not dead,
But a living pal instead.
So lay your troubles all aside,
Take your pen and make a glide,
Or a pencil, it will do,
Just anything, so 'tis you.



Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

SO LONELY AND COLD

Oh, sweetheart, why have you broken my heart,
And turned me down so cold,
And left me alone to mourn your love,
In this world so lonely and cold.

For once I knew that you loved me,
For you often told me so,
Can it be that you have forgotten me?
Oh, please say no, no, no.

Your sweet smiles I'll always remember,
Your face I'll never forget,
Your kindness, love, and affection,
Deep down in my heart are set.

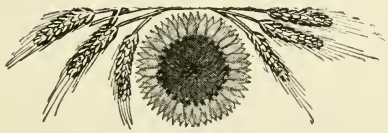
For, sweetheart, you know that I love you,
And to you will always be true.
Could it be that you love another,
May he also be true to you.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

And if we are separated,
And your face no more to see,
Just think you always have a friend,
And that that friend is me.

And when we have made life's journey,
And laid beneath the sod,
If we never meet again on earth,
May we live to meet our God.



Just a line, it will do.

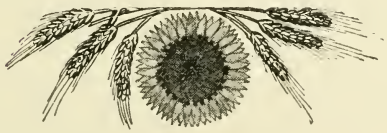
Anything, just so 'tis you.

THE RICH MAN'S EMPLOYER

The rich man is my employer,
For him I must work.
He maketh me till the green pastures,
And leadeth me by the halter.

Yea, though I run into the valley of death
I shall go hungry,
For he is always with me,
With his rod and his slang
He will always abuse me.

Surely some good woman
Will come to me and say,
Yea, I am with you,
And you may dwell in my house forever.



Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

DREAMING SWEET DREAMS

I've been trying tonight to forget you,
But your face in my dream I can see.
It brings back the memories of loveland
And the place where I met you I see.

And when 'neath the moon I am slumbering,
And the stars in heaven doth shine,
It is then, just then that I'm dreaming,
Just dreaming that you were mine.

Dreaming sweet dreams of loveland,
Dreaming sweet dreams of you.
Dreaming sweet dreams of dreamland,
Oh, if you only knew,

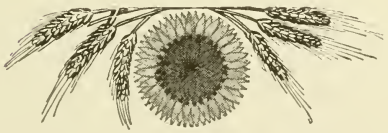
That my heart was aching to love you
And claim you once more as my own.
And to dream sweet dreams of you, love,
And to live with you alone.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

I've been trying tonight to forgive you,
And to ask forgiveness of you,
Will you accept this as my pardon,
And bring back the days as of yore?

For my heart is longing to love you,
And bring back to memories so sweet,
And to dream sweet dreams of you, love,
Of the hours when again we will meet.



Just a line, it will do.
Anything, just so 'tis you.

THAT MOTHER THINKS OF YOU

Perhaps you may be roaming
In the far off, golden west.
You may have long been gone there
Ere she was laid to rest.

Or perhaps you may be hungry,
Or sometime very sad,
But just recall that dear old face.
I'm sure it will make you glad.

For there is no love like a mother's love,
No other could be so true.
No matter where you go, boys,
That mother thinks of you.

No matter where you roam, girls,
Wherever you may be,
Just stop and think of mother,
For mother thinks of thee.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Perhaps you may be loafing
In the city's busy throng.
But don't forget that mother's prayer
Will keep you from all harm.

Or perhaps you may be stopping
In a quiet country town,
But don't forget that mother's love.
For she will never turn you down.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

ON THE SAME OLD HILL

I've thought life's problems over,
But I don't know what is best;
I've loved, been loved, and loved again,
But she has gone to rest.

She lies beneath a little hill,
In a far off eastern town.
We laid her there one bright May day,
Just as the sun went down.

I think some day I will go back,
And do the best I can,
I'll stop this roving from place to place,
Settle down and be a man.

And then when life is over,
And Gabriel blows his sound,
I'll meet her there on the same old hill,
Just as the sun goes down.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

NOT SO BAD

I'm not so bad, boys,
Bad as I am;
There are others just as bad, boys,
But they don't give a damn.

Of course I could be better, boys,
Less I could have spent,
Still I am your friend, boys,
If you haven't got a cent.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

MY HEART AS TRUE AS GOLD

I'm lonely, heartsick, and lonesome,
To me this world seems so sad,
I feel that my friends have forsaken me,
I've done nothing to make one mad.

I've always tried to be helpful,
Kind hearted, and true,
I always try to make a friend,
And it hurts me to lose one, too.

If I've said anything that hurts one,
Or done anything that was wrong,
Just give me a chance to make it right,
And I am sure it won't be long.

For I'm alway willing to come half way,
And do anything that I can,
I've always been honest, upright, and true,
And I try to be a man.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

Though I am out in this world without a
home,
My heart is as true as gold.
But it won't be long till I say goodbye,
For they say I'm growing old.

And when I'm gone, will they miss me,
Dear friends by the old fireside,
And will they recall the pleasures,
As we sat there side by side?

But let us forget the days of the past,
And think of the days to come,
And think of the future we have got to
meet,
After our race is run.

And live so we will be accepted,
From the paths that we have trod,
And lead a life that is upright and true,
That we all may meet our God.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

THE GOLDEN WINE

Drink, boys, in honor of the golden wine,
  My love for the young and gay,
And the respect for those around us,
  And others far away.

Still there are some that their hearts may
      be gladdened,
  With troubles of days gone by,
But we will eat, drink, and be merry,
  For tomorrow we may die.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

NO ACHING, BLEEDING HEARTS

Drink, boys, on one who is your friend,
And the waters in the ocean are blue,
The sun and moon may refuse to shine,
But in me you will find one true.

And when we are separated,
And your faces no more to greet,
We'll think of the happy days gone by,
Hoping again sometime to meet.

But could it be that death would claim,
Either one or all his own,
We'll lay life's weary burden down,
Say, "Heaven is my home."

And when we meet up yonder,
I know we'll never part,
There'll be no sighing, nor no crying,
No aching, bleeding heart.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

But all be peace and happiness,
Everything pure and bright.
Take another drink on me, your friend,
And then we'll say "Good night."

The End.

Just a line, it will do.

Anything, just so 'tis you.

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